

Good Morning

203

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Got bag of Diamonds and looked worried

JIMMY WILDE has a prominent place in the Golden Age of Boxing, but he really does not belong there. To do him full credit he must occupy a place in splendid isolation in the Diamond Age, but of that we shall deal later.

The boxer who arrives quickly at the top of his division usually departs in a similar manner. His hold on the championship is short and sweet. As in most other professions, the man who serves a long and arduous apprenticeship is the one who stays on top longest when he does arrive there.

There are many names, now forgotten by most people, of boxers whose meteoric rise to fame was quickly followed by defeat and oblivion.

When money was freely squandered during the 1914 war, newcomers, if they revealed the smallest promise, were rushed into top-line contests long before their time, and many promising careers were cut short through being advanced too soon.

One of these boys was a brilliant feather-weight boxer, Joe Conn, of Stepney. After his first few conquests Conn was hailed as a world-beater. Jim Driscoll was in khaki, and was considered to have retired from the ring. Thus Conn was hailed as a worthy successor to our greatest feather-weight.

He managed to beat a number of good men in workmanlike fashion, including three Welsh boxers, Billy Fry, Danny Morgan and Idris Jones, all first-class performers, at a time when the Welsh mining valleys were teeming with brilliant youngsters.

After these successes his connections began to couple his name with Jimmy Wilde, the greatest name in boxing at that time.

He was nearly two stone heavier than Wilde, but it had by that time been taken for granted that none lighter than feather-weights could be expected to make any sort of showing against Wilde.

The match, directly it was suggested, was hailed as a big winner from the promoters' point of view, and it was at once apparent that no indoor hall would be large enough to hold all the people who would want to attend.

It was staged on the Chelsea Football Ground at Stamford Bridge, and a fine money-maker it proved to be.

Conn's spectacular successes had captured the popular imagination, and many usually sound judges really believed that the Londoner would prove too good for the little Welshman.

They argued that the good big 'un will always beat the good little 'un, and Conn himself hadn't the slightest doubt that he could bring Wilde toppling from his pedestal.

Such a shrewd judge of a boxer as Jack Goodwin, the trainer, much as he admired Wilde's ability, argued that he could not succeed in giving away so much weight to a man of Conn's standing.

Goodwin trained the Londoner for nearly all his fights, and must have known his man inside-out.

He had plenty of worries during the period of training for this contest, which had put all the war news in the shade.

FOOT—AND HAND—WORK.

First Conn's hands gave trouble, and then his feet, and that remarkably skilful bone-setter, Frank Matthews, had to work on the boxer. He managed to get both hands and feet in first-class working order by the time full training was undertaken, and Conn was as fit as it was possible for him to be when he took the ring.

Wilde, who was by this time a P.T. instructor in the Army, looked anything but well. Indeed, he looked positively ill on the day of the fight, and it was at once obvious to anyone who knew him that something had seriously gone amiss. Goodwin noted how worried

and ill at ease Wilde looked, and he told his man that he was certain to win if he gave the Welshman no rest and carried the fight to him all the time. Conn was delighted, and said he would make sure that Wilde had no rest.

The sound of the gong for the first round transformed Wilde on the instant. The worried look left his face, and he became the determined fighter he was known to be.

Far from Conn carrying the fight to his opponent, it was all the other way, and he spent almost every second of the first three rounds taking evasive action and defending himself with all his ability. He certainly had a good defence, otherwise, with all his weight advantage, he would have gone down quickly.

KEEPING WILDE OFF.

When he regained his corner after the third round Goodwin told him that he would have to attack and keep the fight at long range to make the most of his big pull in height and reach.

Conn did so, and in the fourth round, by dint of skilful boxing, he was able to keep Wilde at a distance and score well with long, straight drives. "If you continue like that, my boy, you've got him licked," said Goodwin at the end of the round.

But Conn didn't continue to carry out instructions. He wanted to show that he was clever enough to be able to box as he pleased and beat

Says W. H. MILLIER

Wilde anyhow. His trainer remonstrated with him. "Don't worry," replied Conn, "I can lick him when I like." In the meantime, Wilde went ahead with his non-stop attack, and although he did not find it easy to penetrate the Londoner's defence, he managed to get in a number of telling blows and kept on the aggressive.

As the rounds went on Goodwin began to lose patience. Apart from the fact that he always wanted the boxer he was seconding to win, he had put a pretty big bet on Conn, and did not want to lose his money as well as his prestige.

He warned Conn that he was fighting the greatest little fighter in the world. Many times he reminded his man, "You can't fool Jimmy Wilde; he'll find the right opening before long." Goodwin was right.

JIMMY'S TRAP.

Wilde had allowed his opponent to become over-confident, and in the tenth round he trapped him into making a false move, and, quick as thought, Wilde crashed his right to the jaw. Conn was shaken to his toes. He wobbled momentarily, then dropped to one knee.

Wilde had him down several times before the round ended. Conn appeared to be as strong as ever in the eleventh round, but it did not deceive the wily Welshman, who knew that he had shaken him badly.

Wilde gave his man no rest, and Conn was forced to occupy most of his time in covering up. In the twelfth round Wilde opened out with all he had in his armoury.

Conn went down before a hail of punches and took counts of "9," but could not recover, and as soon as he rose he was again felled. He

He was Original Brains Trust

The "ADMIRABLE CRICHTON"

By Alfred Rhodes

NO man quite like him has ever strutted across the pages of history. He was a Scot, born in the year 1551, so far as can be ascertained. His name was James Crichton, of Edinburgh.

His father was Lord Advocate of Scotland during the reign of Queen Mary—1561 to 1573. His mother was a daughter of Sir James Stuart.

James Crichton was educated at Perth and St. Andrews. He absorbed knowledge as a sponge absorbs water; but he never was saturated. He had a thirst for information that could never be quenched. At the age of 20 he had studied every science then known, and could speak and write ten languages perfectly. He was a fine rider, dancer, singer, player on every instrument, a wonderful swordsman, an all-round athlete.

At 25 he began a tour of the Continent, and one of the first intimations that Paris had that he had arrived was a bill tacked up on the gates of schools, colleges and halls, challenging anyone to come forward and dispute on any subject. "signed, James Crichton." Some Paris wit wrote underneath the challenge: "If you want to meet this monster of learning inquire at any tavern or house of ill-fame."

The academic big-wigs of Paris were intrigued, until they heard that James Crichton was to be seen any day out hunting, hawking, tilting, tossing the pike, shooting with the musket—and always winning against opponents. They learned also that he had been heard conversing in Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Italian, English, Dutch, Flemish and Slavonic, with natives of these countries who had been brought forward to test him.

But the learned men thought they would make an end of Crichton, and took up his challenge. The trial of wits took place at the College of Navarre. The college authorities believed that they might be ridiculed by a practical joker; but Crichton was there on the dot—at ten o'clock in the morning of the day fixed.

The entire learned fraternity of Paris had gathered to squish this young man. It was they who got the squashing. He answered every subtle question they asked him, and convinced them by logic that some of his own views were more reasonable than theirs. The contest went on till six o'clock that evening, when the President of the College admitted that Crichton was the most remarkable young man he had ever met, and praised Crichton for "the many rare and excellent endowments which God and Nature had bestowed on him."

Crichton was presented with a diamond ring and a purse of gold for his achievement, and he was also given a great ovation. But Crichton was not affected in the least by his ordeal. Next morning he was up early, engaged in a tilting match at the Louvre; and all fashionable Paris was at his feet.

After conquering Paris in every sphere of activity he went to Germany and confounded the professors there. His method was always the same. He went into a city, issued a challenge—and beat his opponents. Even those who had intended to confound him admitted that they never met such learning.

From Germany he went to Rome, and pasted up in conspicuous places a bill with the words: "We, James Crichton, of Scotland, will answer any question extempore that may be proposed." He was, in fact, the first Brains Trust.

Even the Pope heard of him and decided to test his vast knowledge and debating powers. A select body, including the Pope, seven cardinals, many doctors, bishops, and the pro-

fessors of sciences in Rome, invited Crichton to meet them and be "put to confusion."

He put them to confusion, by answering clearly and without hesitation every question they asked, and by adding further knowledge to their own. He taught them sciences they had not known, and, just at the close of the day's diversion, he declaimed an ode to Rome made up on the spur of the moment.

From Rome he went to Venice, and crowds from all parts of Italy came to hear him talk. But his exertions broke down his health, and he had to rest for four months. After that he was invited to Padua, a university that had the highest reputation for learning.

He met the scholars there, debated the errors of Aristotle and all the ancient Greek and Roman philosophers. He proved his arguments by mathematics that amazed the listeners. His knowledge of medical, astronomical and other sciences was so great that many of the leading lights asked him to teach them. But he said he hadn't the time.

For three days at one sitting he astonished the company. His contest became a local holiday, so that people might hear him, and in the end the citizens gave him an ovation.

Crichton then set out for Mantua, where the Duke of Mantua had invited him. When he got there the Duke told him that he had heard of his prowess in physical matters as well as in mental ones. Then he told him why he had invited the scholar.

The Duke had sponsored a gladiator who had killed three men who had entered the lists against him. The gladiator had become insolent to the Duke after his victory and had threatened him. The Duke wanted young Crichton to dispose of the gladiator.

Nothing loth, James Crichton said he would get rid of the man for 1,500 pistoles. The gladiator was served with a challenge, and the fight took place before all the court.

The gladiator expected an easy victory, but Crichton wore him down by clever defence, parrying all his blows; then, when the gladiator became wild with anger, Crichton ran him through the body three times in rapid succession, and so killed him, to the plaudits of the spectators.

The Duke paid over the price of the duel, and asked Crichton if he would act as guardian to his son, Vincentio de Gonzaga, a young rake who was getting into trouble all round. Crichton accepted the job. First he wrote a satirical poem and delivered it to the young man, who broke into a rage at the wording.

But Crichton dramatised the poem and acted fifteen parts in it himself, including those of lawyer, physician, clergyman, soldier and parent. Although he did not know it, this infuriated the young rake more than ever.

On the night of July 1st, 1582, during a carnival, Crichton was walking home deep in thought, when he was attacked by several masked men. He defended himself so well that they all fled—two of them were slain in the fight—but their leader remained. Him Crichton disarmed and had him at his mercy, when he determined to see the man's face. He tore off the attacker's mask, and there was Vincentio de Gonzaga.

Crichton lowered his sword, overcame with surprise and pity; and Vincentio de Gonzaga took advantage of the moment and killed Crichton with a thrust through the heart.

The entire court went into mourning for Crichton for nine months. The young rake who murdered him was banished, and for centuries afterwards ballads and songs were sung in memoriam of the remarkable genius of James Crichton.

Bringing Home the Bird

Some Warship is going to be lucky

HOME on leave from the tropics, this sailor pops into the market at Newton Abbot, Devon, and soon outbids the landlubbers for two beautiful geese at 30 bob apiece.

There was much speculation amongst farmers when the sailor marched off with a couple of birds, and it is believed some warship is shortly to have a new mascot—and some goose eggs; but Jack Tar wouldn't say anything about this, and the geese only answered enquiries with "quack quack."

As he marched away, the sailor was heard to remark, "There are Wrens in the Navy—now there might be geese as well!"



CONCLUDING:
HOW THE
BRIGADIER
SLEW THE
FOX

QUIZ for today

1. A gambet is a card game, a move in chess, a piece of harness, a bone in a horse's leg, a bird?
2. Who wrote (a) Out of the Hurly Burly, (b) Far From the Madding Crowd?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Dakota, Wyoming, Ontario, Kansas, Montana, Maine?
4. What is the weight of a half-quartern loaf?
5. A book has 100 leaves. On what leaf is page 49?
6. How many times does the letter N appear on a George VI penny?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Scholiast, Sacharine, Splendour, Sacrilege, Sombrero?
8. What is the R.A.F. equivalent of an Admiral?
9. What is the date of Primrose Day?
10. What is the county town of Somerset?
11. When was official broadcasting begun in Britain?
12. Complete the pairs, (a) Carrol and —, (b) Board and —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 202

1. Drink.
2. (a) Captain Marryat, (b) Kipling.
3. Purcell was a composer; the others scientists.
4. Twenty years.
5. (a) Bows of yew, (b) arrows of deal.
6. Marengo.
7. Neuralgia.
8. Volunteer.
9. Hero of a poem by Mrs. Hemans.
10. Maidstone.
11. Four (Great O., Little O., Yorkshire O., Sussex O.).
12. (a) Ships and sealing-wax, (b) Love, — and obey.

We must indeed all hang together, or, most assuredly, we shall all hang separately.
Benjamin Franklin
(1706-1790).

JANE



"AHA! WE HAVE YOU ASSASSIN"

By CONAN DOYLE

WHAT a creature he was! Never have I felt such a horse between my knees. His great haunches gathered under him with every stride, and he shot forward ever faster and faster, stretched like a greyhound, while the wind beat in my face and whistled past my ears.

I was wearing our undress jacket, a uniform simple and dark in itself—though some figures give distinction to any uniform—and I had taken the precaution to remove the long panache from my busby.

The result was that, amidst the mixture of costumes in the hunt, there was no reason why mine should attract attention, or why these men, whose thoughts were all with the chase, should give any heed to me.

The idea that a French officer might be riding with them was too absurd to enter their minds. I laughed as I rode, for, indeed, amid all the danger, there was something of comic in the situation.

I have said that the hunters were very unequally mounted, and so, at the end of a few miles, instead of being one body of men, like a charging regiment, they were scattered over a considerable space, the better riders well up to the dogs and the others trailing away behind.

Now, I was as good a rider as any, and my horse was the best of them all, and so you can imagine that it was not long before he carried me to the front. And when I saw the dogs streaming over the open, and the red-coated huntsman behind them, and only seven or eight horsemen between us, then it was that the strangest thing of all happened, for I, too, went mad—I, Etienne Gerard!

In a moment it came upon me, this spirit of sport, this desire to excel, this hatred of the fox. Accursed animal, should he then defy us? Vile robber, his hour was come! Ah, it is a great feeling, this feeling of sport, my friends, this desire to trample the fox under the hoofs of your horse!

The farther we went, the faster galloped my horse, and soon there were but three men as near the dogs as I was. All thought of fear of discovery had vanished.

My brain throbbed, my blood ran hot—only one thing upon earth seemed worth living for, and that was to overtake this infernal fox. I passed one of the horsemen—a Hussar like myself.

There were only two in front of me now—the one in a black coat, the other the blue artilleryman whom I had seen at the inn. His grey whiskers streamed in the wind, but he rode magnificently.

For a mile or more we kept in this order, and then, as we galloped up a steep slope, my

lighter weight brought me to the front. I passed them both, and when I reached the crown I was riding level with the little, hard-faced English huntsman. In front of us were the dogs, and then, a hundred paces beyond them, was a brown wisp of a thing, the fox itself, stretched to the uttermost.

The sight of him fired my blood. "Aha, we have you then, assassin!" I cried, and shouted my encouragement to the huntsman. I waved my hand to show him that there was one upon whom he could rely.

And now there were only the dogs between me and my prey. These dogs, whose duty it is to point out the game, were now rather a hindrance than a help to us, for it was hard to know how to pass them.

The huntsman felt the difficulty as much as I, for he rode behind them and could make no progress towards the fox. He was a swift rider, but wanting in enterprise.

For my part, I felt that it would be unworthy of the Hussars of Conflans if I could not overcome such a difficulty as this. Was Etienne Gerard to be stopped by a herd of fox-dogs? It was absurd. I gave a shout and spurred my horse.

"Hold hard, sir! Hold hard!" cried the huntsman. He was uneasy for me, this

good old man, but I reassured him by a wave and smile. The dogs opened in front of me. One or two may have been hurt, but what would you have? The egg must be broken for the omelette.

I could hear the huntsman shouting his congratulations behind me. One more effort, and the dogs were all behind me. Only the fox was in front.

Ah, the joy and pride of that moment! To know that I had beaten the English at their own sport. Here were three hundred all thirsting for the life of this animal, and yet it was I who was about to take it. I thought of my comrades of the light cavalry brigade, of my mother, of the Emperor, of France. I had brought honour to each and all. Every instant brought me nearer to the fox. The moment for action had arrived, so I unsheathed my sabre. I waved it in the air, and the brave English all shouted behind me.

Only then did I understand how difficult is this fox-chase, for one may cut again and again at the creature and never strike him once. He is small, and turns quickly from a blow. At every cut I heard those shouts of encouragement behind me, and they spurred me to yet another effort. And then at last the supreme moment of my triumph arrived.

In the very act of turning I caught him fair with such another back-handed cut as that with which I killed the aide-de-camp of the Emperor of Russia. He flew into two pieces, his head one way and his tail another. I looked back and waved the blood-stained sabre in the air. For the moment I was exalted—superb!

Ah! how I should have loved to have waited to have received the congratulations of these generous enemies. There were fifty of them in sight, and not one of them who was not waving his hand and shouting. They are not really such a phlegmatic race, the English. A gallant deed in war or in sport will always warm their hearts.

As to the old huntsman, he was the nearest to me, and I could see with my own eyes how overcome he was by what he had seen. He was like a man paralysed—his mouth open, his hand, with outspread fingers, raised in the air. For a moment my inclination was to return and embrace him.

But already the call of duty was sounding in my ears, and these English, in spite of all the fraternity which exists among

WANGLING WORDS—158

- 1.—Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after XI, to make a word.
- 2.—Rearrange the letters of WAR SHY BETTY, to make a Welsh town.
- 3.—Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: PLUM into CAKE, MINK into COAT, FISH into CAKE, CONY into SEAL.
- 4.—How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from CORNUCOPIAS?

Answer to Wangling

Words—No. 157

1. SECULARISE.
2. ROLLS-ROYCE.
3. CASH, CASE, CANE, LANE, LAND, LEND.
- YOUR, SOUR, SOAR, ROAR, REAR, REAL, DEAL.
- TAXIS, TAXES, TAPES, CAPES, CASES, BASES, BUSES.
- STATE, SLATE, SLATS, SLAMS, SEAMS, SEALS, DEALS, DELLS, DOLLS, DOLES, ROLES, ROBES.
4. Morn, Mean, Name, Tale, Teal, Late, Moan, Room, Team, Mate, Tame, Lame, Lorn, Loan, Loam, Lent, Tear, Rate, Tare, Amen, Oral, etc.
- Moral, Manor, Meant, Later, Tonal, Leant, Roman, Natal, Tamer, Metal, Leman, Molar, Lemon, Melon, Alert, Learn, etc.

sportsmen, would certainly have made me prisoner. There was no hope for my mission now, and I had done all that I could do.

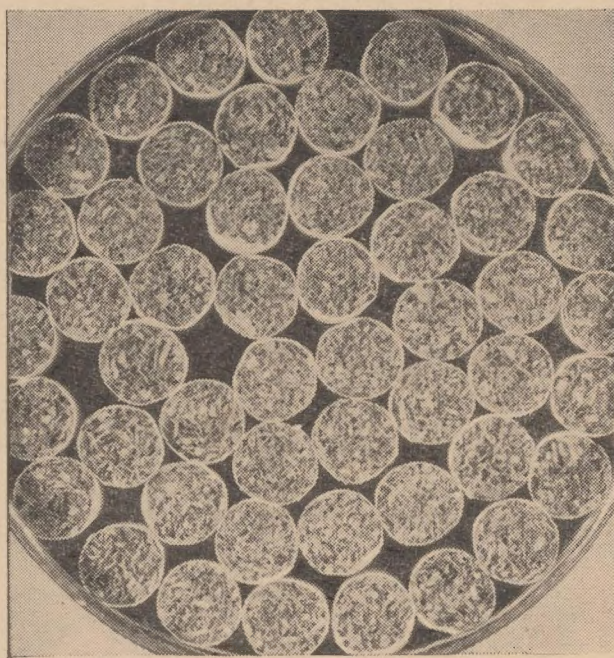
I could see the lines of Massena's camp no very great distance off, for, by a lucky chance, the chase had taken us in that direction. I turned from the dead fox, saluted with my sabre, and galloped away.

But they would not leave me so easily, these gallant huntsmen. I was the fox now, and the chase swept bravely over the plain. It was only at the moment when I started for the camp that they could have known that I was a Frenchman, and now the whole swarm of them were at my heels.

We were within gunshot of our pickets before they would halt, and then they stood in knots and would not go away, but shouted and waved their hands at me. No, I will not think that it was in enmity. Rather would I fancy that a glow of admiration filled their breasts, and that their one desire was to embrace the stranger who had carried himself so gallantly and well.

END

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?

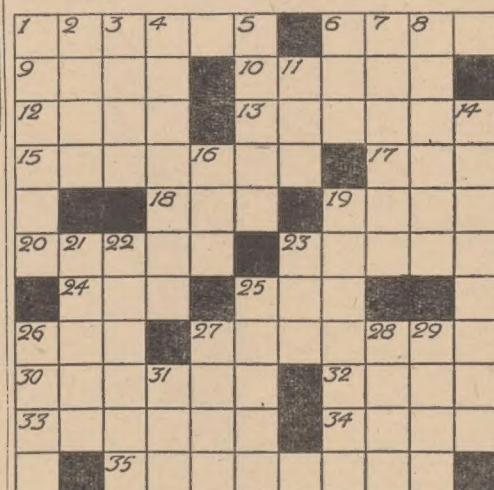
Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 202: Dumb-bell.

ODD CORNER

WRITING the Lord's Prayer on a disc the size of a threepenny-bit used to be a pastime for retired colonels, but very much finer work has been done. The Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments have been written on rice-grains by engravers, while one man, using a diamond, wrote the Lord's Prayer on a square of glass one-sixteenth-thousandth of an inch wide!

"Micro-writing" has a very ancient history. In Queen Elizabeth's reign, one Peter Bales, a clerk of Chancery, not only produced a complete Bible which would go into a walnut shell, but presented the Queen with a silver penny (about the size of a sixpence) engraved with the Ten Commandments, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, his name, and the date.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Inconsiderable.
- 2 Small lake.
- 3 Animal's skin.
- 4 In front of.
- 5 Klin.
- 6 Odd garment.
- 7 Windward.
- 8 Fodder.
- 9 Space of time.
- 10 Silent.
- 11 Fix.
- 12 Passengers.
- 13 Zero.
- 14 Double.
- 15 Vehicle.
- 16 Museum chief.
- 17 Lion.
- 18 Yawn.
- 19 Tiger.
- 20 Birds.
- 21 Thrusts out.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

ACCLAIM, LAW, LOIN, ABASE, MOVED, SAUTE, EWE, RETIRE, ANOTHER, TART, N, AWAKE, H, SAWN, SADDLE, REDDEN, RIM, HELLO, ABOVE, OCTET, KINE, GAS, SKATERS

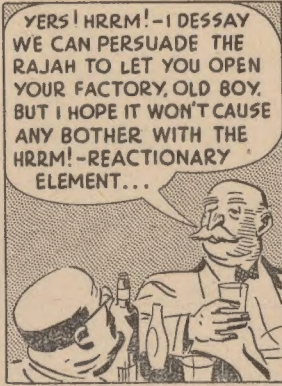
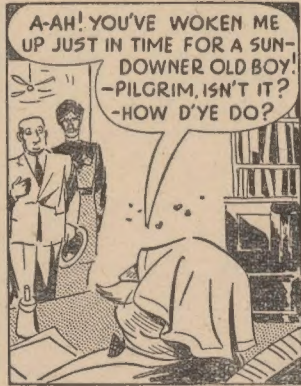
CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Descending number.
- 2 Dwell.
- 3 Notion.
- 4 Elegant.
- 5 Appropriated.
- 6 Rocky hill-top.
- 7 Boy's name.
- 8 Tell.
- 9 Tree.
- 10 Ugly things.
- 11 Pungent.
- 12 Contrived.
- 13 Silly.
- 14 Strong and manly.
- 15 Chinchilla.
- 16 Governor.
- 17 Restaurant.
- 18 Tilt.
- 19 Tractable.
- 20 Musical work.
- 21 Mingle.

ELZEBUB JONES



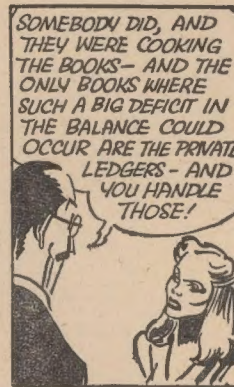
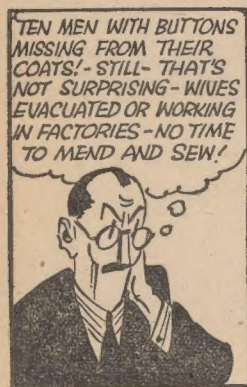
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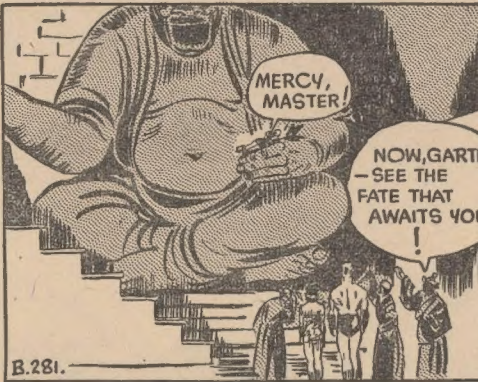
POPEYE



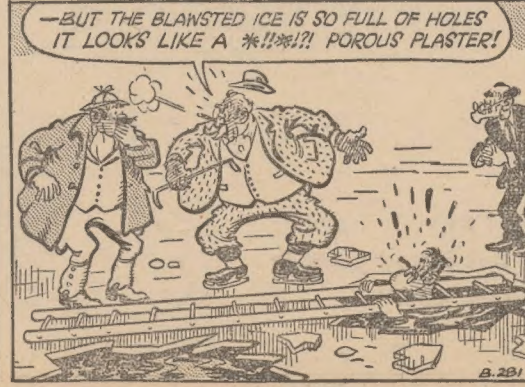
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



NEWS FROM NOWHERE

By ODO DREW
(Still Subconscious)

A FILM THRILLER.

THE All-British Film Corporation have produced a real thriller in "Prince of Denmark." It is full of pep, and most of the principals are eliminated before the end. The story opens at the Castle of Elsinore, in Denmark. The walls are haunted by the king, recently deceased.

Waiting one night to see his father's ghost, Prince Hamlet is told by the spook that he was murdered by Ham's uncle, Claudius, who married his (the king's) widow, Queen Gertrude, a couple of months later.

Resolved on revenge, Ham feigns madness, even to his fiancée, Lady Ophelia. When a company of strolling players come to the castle, Ham arranges for them to appear in a specially written play, which blows the gaff on the king's murder.

Gert ticks Ham off, but his manner is so strange that she calls for help, and an aged courtier, Polonius, who answers, is bumped off by Ham.

Ophelia is very upset, and she goes nuts. Ham is sent to England with a letter asking that he should be taken for a ride on his arrival. His ship, however, is captured, and he is allowed to return to Denmark.

There he goes into a graveyard for a soliloquy and finds a new grave ready to receive Ophelia, who, at that moment, is being carried up by a funeral procession. Ophelia, by the way, had got drowned whilst picking flowers by the river.

Her brother, Laertes, who is chief mourner, accuses Ham of being responsible for Ophelia's death and they fight a duel. Claude provides a poisoned drink for Ham if he gets tired, and a poisoned rapier for Laertes, but the rapiers get mixed up, and both get poisoned wounds.

Laertes, dying, denounces Claudius, who is made to drink from the poisoned cup. Gert has some, too, and pegs out also. Ham also dies.

The film is produced by Sol Stein, with Al Baum as assistant. The director is Abe Schiff, with Ike Hauser as assistant. Music is by Mo Zeiss. The scenario is by Bill Shakespeare.

THE HUBBARD CASE.

THE case against Mrs. Hubbard (referred to briefly in this column recently) for wasting food and clothing on a dog, was heard at the Old Bailey.

Evidence showed that the trouble started when the prisoner went to the cupboard to get a bone for the dog. Apparently, said counsel for the prosecution, and he did not dispute the fact, the cupboard was bare.

The woman then seemed to lose her head. She went to the baker's to get some bread, and thence to the tripmonger, the fishmonger, the ale-house, the tavern, the hatter, fruiterer, shoemaker, tailor and haberdasher. At each place she made purchases, stating that they were for her "poor dog."

She had been examined, counsel went on, whilst on remand at Holloway, and the doctor would say that she was deficient in vitamins R, S, V and P, and seemed to have no conception of the enormity of her offence.

When the name of Lord Woolton was mentioned, she replied, "I ate 'is pies." When asked whether she inferred that she consumed Woolton pies, or that she held them in contempt, she said, "Them as likes 'em, eats 'em."

The Judge, interrupting, said that Mrs. Hubbard was suffering, obviously, from lapsus linguae. He would remand her until the following sessions, and she would remain meanwhile in the care of the R.S.P.C.A.

THE case against Timothy Tucker, for giving his son, Tom, "white" bread and butter for supper, was dismissed. It transpired that the bread—National bread—was obtained from a baker named White. The Judge animadverted severely upon the danger of thoughtless tittle-tattle, which, as in this case, spread damaging rumours, without making certain of facts.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

IT is announced by the Ministry of Man-power that workers in the following crafts, under the age of 85, are now de-reserved, and may be called up for service in the Armed Forces: Tripe de-wrinkling, macaroni coiling, and gin diluting. Medical accountants who assist physicians to count the spots before patients' eyes, will be allowed another five years' deferment.

In recognition of the services of the film industry in producing so many films depicting life in the Submarine Service, the personnel of H.M.S. "Fifth" are working on a film to show the Submarine Service how film stars live and work.

The aim of the newly formed Married Fire Guards Association is to commemorate their war-time service by meeting weekly in "local" places. As it has always been the policy of members to discourage the use of women as fire guards, it is felt that future policy must be consistent. Wives will not be eligible for membership.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



"Now, what's your candid opinion of the economic situation?" "Well, after profound investigation, I'm convinced that the phrase 'economic situation' is a terminological inexactitude. . . . The situation is anything but economic."

This England

The village of Thurlstone,
Devonshire.



"Now, listen, you guys. From now on I'm your mother and if you want a happy home, O.K.; but if you want it rough — well, I guess that suits me, too."



TRUNK CALL

The kind of call even a Scot wouldn't wait until after 7 p.m. to contact. Lynne Baggett is just irresistible.



"Salright for you, Maw, you can get down to it. Blow me, if any fish will come within my range."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Take it easy, sister, take it easy."

